LOEB LIKES POLITICS

Dabbled in It Since Childhood and Has Made a Great Success of It.

Both in the city and up the State faithful Republicans looked upon President Taft's appointment of William Loeb, jr., to the collectorship of the port of New York as a piece of outside Federal interference. The leaders had never considered Loeb a leader, and none but leaders heretofore had been in line for the place. The collectorship invariably had been one of the choicest plums of the patronage handed out by the machine to some one who had rendered enough service to the organization to be worthy of a salary of $12,000 a year and the command of several hundred government employes. It was one of a number of "fat" positions, through the control of which the State Republican machine had waxed powerful, says the New York Evening Post.

Loeb is regular enough, however. He was in politics soon after he was twenty-one. That was when he first began to work as stenographer. In order to get an appointment to a post as court reporter it was necessary that he should have at least the indorsement of his district leader. So he joined the Republican organization of his ward in Albany, and he has been a member of the party ever since.

Equipment for his career was an industrious strain from his German parentage, a high sense of loyalty, and a keen perception of character in others. His education ended through force of circumstances with the completion of a high school course, and he went directly to work in a law office, taking up the study of stenography on the side. After two years of this he found that he could make good money by shorthand reporting, and ever ready to turn the hours of either night or day toward swelling his income, the young stenographer left the law and devoted all his time to reporting. What extra time he had he worked in his district for his political superiors.

First Search for Office.

By 1888 he had become so well known in local politics that he had succeeded in putting himself forward as a candidate for official stenographer of the assembly, and was elected by a skillful marshaling of his forces. Encouraged by this, he, together with other employes around the capitol, who issued the Legislative Record, planned to make it a daily report of the legislature, similar to the Congressional Record at Washington. So they introduced the necessary measures and worked them through both houses, only to have the appropriation vetoed by Gov. Hill. This episode is cited to note Loeb's industry and his readiness to take advantage of political influence to advance his interests. The period he spent in Albany, in that atmosphere of political deals and conspiracies, was not without its effect upon him.

For a number of years he remained around the capitol, serving as stenographer in committees, secretary to J. Sloat Fassett, and stenographer to Speaker Malby and Lieut. Gov. Saxton. While he was with Fassett there developed a friendship that has continued to this day. It was generally known that at the last national convention Loeb was consulted repeatedly by Mr. Taft, upon the advice of Fassett, as to the New York situation.

Before the New York constitutional convention of 1894 Loeb entered into a contract to furnish a report of the debates of the sessions for publication in an Albany newspaper. This did not last long, but the transaction ended by his becoming the stenographer of the convention. The next year he was making a specialty of court work, and the next he was reporting speeches. Thus, year by year, he worked along industriously, giving much of his time to the game of politics.

Fought Barnes in Albany.

William Barnes, jr., came into control of the Albany Evening Journal and a few other newspapers in the county. Incidentally, he became Republican "boss" of Albany and Albany County. It is said that the leadership was handed to him by virtue of his becoming proprietor of a string of newspapers. Anyway, Loeb and a few other adventurous spirits in local politics did not like the way their new chief was appointed, nor the way the new organization was run, so they organized a rump committee, and there was a lively time in the county for several months. It ended by the new "boss" making a compromise. Loeb got an executive chamber appointment, to which the signature of Barnes was attached.

While in Albany, the youthful politician lived with his family, which consisted of a father, a brother, and three sisters, in a modest house on State street, and was not widely known outside of local Democratic and Republican circles. His national career began in 1899, when the Republican party had just scraped through with Col. Roosevelt at the head of the State ticket, and the "Rough Rider" was growing used to the "round-up" at Albany. On the day the inaugural ceremonies were over, and Gov. Roosevelt, fresh from the reception, was fretting and stewing to "get down to tacks," a stenographer was summoned. The governor sent his secretary, William J. Youngs, into the reporters' room to get one, and Youngs, according to the story told around the capitol, found the stenographers in a great state of excitement. "Cal" McKnight, the redoubtable shorthand expert and tireless reporter, had passed the word that "Teddy" was "a terror to take," and each one of the shorthand men was willing to pass the call on to the next.

Takes the Dictation.

"You go," they finally said to Loeb, and the latest recruit in the ranks picked up his pad and did as he was bid. Loeb took the governor's dictation without relief for the rest of the working hours of that day, wondering when, if ever, he was to stop.

But he stood the test, and when, on the next day, he offered the copy neatly typewritten, it did not need a single correction. When the governor was ready for his next dictation, he asked for that "young fellow who came in yesterday." Loeb's future was assured, but, of course, at that time he didn't know it. He did, however, take a liking at once to his new chief, and probably no subordinate who ever worked under Mr. Roosevelt displayed the tireless energy, loyalty, and submissiveness that was exemplified in ensuing years by this hustling stenographer, Loeb, jr., of Albany.

Eventually he became private secretary to the governor, private secretary to the Vice President, assistant secretary to the President, and secretary to the President. In all these places he came into contact with the politicians who at Albany were his superiors. After 1899 they had to take their orders through him. He did not lose touch with the New York political situation. Possibly, on the score of "inside" knowledge, he is better fitted to-day to take over the lead of the State organization than any other man, barring Senator Root.

Has Large Patronage.

But Loeb, as collector of the port and distributor of probably more patronage than any other Republican office-holder in the State, doubtless will be inclined to take his orders from the National Capital rather than the State, and the administration of the important office which he controls may become an adjunct of the Federal Republican organization, rather than that of the State "machine." On the other hand, there may be complete harmony between the two as a result of Loeb's handling.

Several posts have been vacated in the customs service at the outset of Loeb's administration, and the chances are that several others will be before the ax ceases to fall. Just at present there is an expectation that Loeb intends to remember the friends of the administration that "made" him. One report is that "Joe" Murray, the former deputy commissioner of immigration, who was forced to retire by the new commissioner, William Williams, will get a $3,000 place in the customs service. If this is true, the appointment will not be considered a favor to the city Republican machine, for Murray, popular as he is, was never considereed strong politically by the New York leaders, and held his post on Ellis Island for many years solely by grace of his reputation as the "original discoverer of Roosevelt."

REVEALS QUEER PACT

Will Brings to Light Strange Family History.

MEMBERS AGREE NOT TO WED

Arrange to Keep All Savings in Common—Inevitable Break Comes, but Trouble Is Patched Up and a Second Time Dissension Arises. Court Orders Division of Savings.

New York, July 3.—In the Queens County Surrogate's Court there was filed by Attorney John T. Robinson, of Elmhurst, L. I., an application for the probate of the will of Joseph Monaghan, and a request that the next of kin be cited to appear in court on July 13, when the application will be heard. In connection with the death of Monaghan, which occurred a week ago, is a curious history.

Half a century ago Patrick Monaghan, a stalwart son of Erin, emigrated to America and settled in Lower New York City. He had been preceded by several brothers, the descendants of whom are now in comfortable circumstances in this city. Patrick when he came to New York brought along his wife and three children, Patrick, jr., John, and Alice. Afterward there were born to him a daughter and a son, Margaret and Joseph.

After living and working in this country for a decade the father died, his wife and children surviving. Patrick, the eldest boy, was twenty, John was fourteen, Alice was twelve, Margaret was ten, and Joseph was eight. As the children gathered about the coffin of their father they entered into a compact always to live together, work for a common purpose, keep their savings together, and never get married. Patrick, the eldest, was made the director of affairs, while Alice, the eldest sister, was made the banker. To her was turned over all the family earnings and she in turn placed them in the bank.

Become Rag Pickers.

Twenty years ago the children and their mother, all true to the compact they had made, moved to Maspeth, in the Newtown section of Queens County. They took up the vocation of ragpicking. Every member of the family worked and every one became known as neighborhood characters. Not alone did they pick rags, but whenever there were odd jobs to be done about that section the people usually sent word to the Monaghan house and Alice saw to it that some one was on hand to do the work. Soon after the family moved to Maspeth the mother died and was buried in the family plot the children had bought and where the father had been buried. It was not long after this that the first break in the family pact was made, Joseph getting married to a young woman in that section.

But this marriage of Joseph did not turn out happily. A pretty little daughter was born to Joseph, but he persisted in turning over his savings to his sister Alice, and so after a time his wife took her infant daughter and departed for other parts. Joseph then returned to the family home.

The result of the labors of the family and the careful management of their savings by Alice was such that the family fortune grew to considerable proportions. It was invested largely in real estate and in loans which Alice placed on first mortgage. With the increase in value of property in Queens the family fortune increased.

Family Break Occurs.

This condition continued until two years ago, when there was a family break, and then appeal was made to the courts. Under the direction of the court the property was divided, each person getting a share. The result of this quarrel was too much for Margaret and she died soon after getting her share of the property. Her will gave it all back to the surviving members of the family. In recent years the lot of Joseph has not been happy. He took to drink and when he got his property he began to dispose of it. How much of it is left is not as yet known. He was a contractor in a small way. He took up his abode in one of the stables he owned and lived in a stall surrounded by his horses. It was in this stall that he died about a week ago.

According to the wish of Joseph, he was buried from this stall, and there at the time of his funeral occurred the last and most pathetic chapter of the family history. Some of the workmen employed by Joseph were in charge of the funeral. The coffin stood on supports placed in the stall, and on either side of the stall were horses. Patrick, now sixty years old, feeble and blind, was the first of the family to get to the services. He took a seat at the head of the coffin and burying his head in his hands he gave way to silent grief.

Family Reunion at Coffin.

There was a large attendance from the surrounding neighborhood. Quite everybody in the neighborhood knew Joseph, and it had been reported there was to be a family reunion over the coffin. Alice, his sister, who had spent her life in working for the whole family, came in next. Throwing her arms around the neck of her blind brother, Patrick, as he sat in the stall, she begged him to forget their differences. John, the second eldest brother, came in while Patrick and Alice were consoling each other. He joined them, and then and there the old family compact was renewed.

But quite as much interested were the wife and daughter of Joseph, who had returned to attend the burial of husband and father. Her daughter is a young woman nineteen years old, and they were received with friendly greetings by other members of the family.

The will of Joseph, which has been filed for probate, gives his wife but $500. The remainder of his estate is bequeathed to his brother Patrick. Those who know the inside history of the family estimate their joint holdings at about $100,000. It is thought that provision is to be made for the widow and daughter other than the $500 mentioned in the will, as up to the present there has been no disposition shown on their part to enter a contest or ask for an accounting.

VIENNA HER FUTURE HOME.

MRS. ARTHUR GRUNET.

Society belle of Philadelphia, who was Miss Louise Keller, recently married to a prominent architect, and who will make her future home in the Austrian capital.

HANDBOOK FOR HUSBANDS

Uncle Henry Says Not One Wife in a Thousand Is One in a Thousand.

"When a man marries," remarked Uncle Henry after he had heard her slam the front door, "or, perhaps, I should say when he is married, because he usually has very little to do with it, his wife loses her name, and he loses his identity. But you hear me, son, that's nothing compared to the fuss he makes for his friends.

"They've got to dig. Understand me? They've got to produce. They've got to take the loose change they've been saving up to buy socks and handkerchiefs and a lot of other things your wife insists on your having, whether you need 'em or not, and they've got to go out and buy wedding presents with it.

"And there's no bigger lemon in the basket than giving a girl a prize for catching a man. If the male person isn't prize enough himself, she must have been a poor catcher.

"And, anyhow, I'm asking you, what good will a half dozen plated spoons or a clock or a soup ladle do 'em He can't use 'em; she don't deserve 'em, and, another thing, it's encouraging matrimony. Ought to be a law against it. You hear me?

"A young bifurcated biped with nothing straight on his mind but the part in his hair is told by some old dame that home is a house with a heart in it, and he looks over in the corner where there is $17 worth is blondine puffs stuck qnto a female head with a pair of 18-cent celluloid side combs, and he says, 'Uh, huh, with her heart in it?' And, by gracious, first you know she has married him up.

* * * *

"Inside of a year his idea of home is a place where you start from to go somewhere else. He's found out that you can't eat soup out of finger bowls and that, when your wife starts in to chew up the scenery for your benefit, it's simply fierce to have nothing else to look at but a bunch of gilt clocks, every dogged one of 'em giving a different time. And when a clock does that it's a lie on the face of it.

"Of course, this wedding present habit is something invented and fostered by the lady women girls. It's a sort of a reward of merit effect. When they see another fluff grab off a man, they say to themselves, 'Oh, you Gertrude! That was a loose jointed looking kind of a diplodocus you nailed, but still it has whiskers, and anything is better than nothing. You deserve a momento. I know how it is. My own sturdy oak is a good deal of a rubber plant himself.'

"And then they go out and buy Gertie something that looks expensive and don't cost much and the bridelet gets a kitchen table covered with cheesecloth to hold the trophies. Then she lays 'em out where they'll show to the best advantage, so the whole thing looks like a cross between a spectacular production of 'The Forty Thieves' and an epithalamium in fire gilt. Ask me. Am I right?

"Take it on the other hand, it gives the already wives a nice, pretty little chance to buy something they can't afford, and son, when you know more than you do now you'll know exactly the awful meaning of those careless words. Yes, sir; and what I knew I've learned the hardest way. Something they can't afford and something that offers 'em endless opportunity for changing their minds. That helps some. You betcher.

"Now, by gracious, I'm no hand to talk about myself, but you just take my wife.

"Last week somebody she knew got married, or got to the present stage of it, anyhow. My wife had bought a cut glass pitcher. Good and heavy it was, for short range like.

"When it came Saturday morning, 'Henry,' she says, 'I'm not going to give her that pitcher,' she says. 'They're too common,' she says. 'Henry,' she says, 'you must meet me downtown this afternoon,' she says, 'and go with me to pick out something else,' she says. 'I simply don't know what to give her,' she says.

"All right. I goes down to the shopping district and, after waiting about half an hour in front of a store where the police seemed to think I was making goo-goo eyes at the girls and kept moving me away, along comes wife, and we begin to go in search of something that neither of us would know if it came up and bit us.

"Say, son, take it from me, that was one wild afternoon. First we went and looked at all the silver in all the stores in all the streets. By the time I had got through the second store I didn't know a food pusher from a belt buckle. Where do you suppose it all comes from, eh?

* * * *

"Then we went and looked at cut glass in all the stores. After I had seen what a little you could get for $6.39, I says, 'Wife,' I says, 'let's buy silver. You can get more for your money.'

"'Oh,' she says, 'I wonder if they could send me home that pretty little punch bowl on account? It's $87.50,' she says, 'but then,' she says, 'I don't need to keep it,' she says. They could, they did, and, as it turned out, she didn't.

"Then we went and looked at the clocks. I found one right away that was about as honest and respectable looking as any clock is in a store. 'How 'bout it?' I says. 'Clocks are too common,' she says. 'Well,' I says, 'what in thunder are we here looking at 'em for?' I says. 'Oh,' she says, 'we must see what's new,' she says.

"We tore away after that and went back to the silver. Then she took me into a tablecloth and napkin emporium and we pawed over the stock. Then we went back and looked at the silver.

"'Oh,' she says, right in the middle of it, 'we simply must go up on the fourth floor and look at the furniture.' We simply did. It was all right, the furniture place was. You could sit on some of it and rest when she wasn't looking.

"About that time, I think it was, we went across the street and took up the subject of silver again. We ordered a gravy ladle there. It was my idea. Regular kind of a ladle sort of a thing, with daffy down dillies, or pansies, or golden rod, or something on the handle, and the bowl solid gold—plated.

* * * *

"Looked all right to me, only $3.42 or some other similar fractional insult. I wanted to have it marked with the girl's initial, but my wife said not. They might want to exchange it, she said. And then she laughed. What the blazes do women laugh at when they just look at you and laugh—like?

"Well, sir, I figured it out that if they tried to exchange that ladle it would sort of show me up—only $3.42—so I let her take me over to where they had the mildew looking desk sets; you know, corroded copper and some brass that needs cleaning. I was sort of scheming around to spend a little more and throw a better bluff.

"We didn't see anything I liked there, and I was just steaming over to the silver counter again when I says 'No,' like that. 'No,' I says, 'you've got me doing it now. Let's get out of here before I get dust in my hair spring and stop running.' I was some peeved, I was, being that I was getting sort of sloppy myself. So we went home.

"Monday night I comes home. 'Rosebud,' I says, 'has the gravy ladle come yet?' I says. 'No, dear,' she says, sweet as peaches. 'I 'phoned them not to send it. But the cut glass punch bowl came all right. It is simply perfect. I've written them a note to come and take it back to-morrow.' 'Well,' I says, then what are you going to award the bride?' I says.

"'Oh,' she says, as though I was asking something that I ought to have known all about long ago. 'Oh,' she says, 'I have decided to keep the pitcher I had in the first place. I think, after all, that will do very well.'

"And say, son, all my Saturday afternoon excitement for nothing. Not one single, lonesome, solitary thing. 'Henry,' she says, 'I shink I have settled this business of buying a present very easily. You must admit,' she says, 'I'm one wife in a thousand,' she says.

"I did. It was diplomatic. But you hear me, not one wife in a thousand is one wife in a thousand."

FREED BY HIS POETRY

Kansan a Modern Villon, Whose Verse Saves Him From the Death Penalty.

From the New Orleans Picayune.

Four hundred years ago Francois Villon, poet and vagabond, lay in a cell in France, sentenced to torture and death. A week—perhaps a day—and dawn might bring the guard and the gibbet. To the poet, whose bohemian life, not untouched of shame and crime, had not quenched the fire of literary genius, the weary sameness of immurement and the terror of death suggested a plea for liberty in verse.

Poetry, often not badly styled the froth of a soul, has many times been produced under stress. The vision of the hungry bard writing his masterpiece with death gnawing at his weakened frame is one of the respectable fancies. But it is true, nevertheless, that many masterpieces have grown from conditions of mental or physical depression or pain. Bunyan in prison, Milton in the darkness of his unwaking night, Byron outcast and maligned, Poe in poverty and disrepute, Schiller when love and fortune alike were awry—sang songs which hold an irremovable place in classic literature.

But Villon, of all who have written in prison—poor scapegrace Villon—was the only one whose pen wrote away the prison bars and brought the liberty of which he dreamed.

Wrote Way to Liberty.

In a cell in the Kansas State Penitentiary there is a twentieth-century Villon. Over him, too, the sentence to die has hung, and when through the interference of executive clemency he escaped the gallows, the court's punishment resolved itself into that living death—immurement for life. Like Villon, 400 years ago, Carl Arnold—that is the Kansas prisoner's name—has written his way to liberty.

(Arnold and another, when mere youths, went tramping, and tried to "hold up" the mayor of a Kansas village. One of them shot him. They narrowly escaped lynching, but mandamus proceedings to compel the governor of the State to sign a death warrant failed.)

After fifteen years' toiling over the looms in the prison twine-plant dreaming of the world outside he had not seen since boyhood, Carl Arnold, murderer, young tough, and adventurer, wrote eight stanzas of verse to Gov. Hoch. They formed a plea for reinstatement in the society to which Arnold was making requital. The verses constituted a supplication for a chance to supplement his prison term by giving the world a practical restitution in the efforts of the rest of his life.

Governor Interested.

Gov. Hoch, himself a man with some literary accomplishments, read the stanzas and said the man who had written them was a genius. He made a special trip to the prison, talked to Arnold hours at a time, read the better nature of the prisoner in the depths of his devotion to a higher thing, and decided that he should be free. That is how and why, when the prison doors grind open early in May, Carl Arnold will walk down the long walk, past the playing marble fountain and the flower beds, fresh in their new verdure, into the open and into the sunlight of liberty that hasn't shone for him for fifteen years.

> I cannot fawningly implore,
> As feeble, false hearts can,
> But, in humility before
> The power that bars my prison door,
> I plead as man to man.

That is the way the verses which made a murderer free begin. "Man to Man" is the title.

The verse won Arnold his liberty, but a book, "The Kansas Inferno," which Arnold smuggled out of prison and had published, paved the way. The prison authorities stormed about it, for it was a wonderfully graphic recital of life in prison, penitentiary punishment that smacked of the inquisition, philosophy from behind bars, epigram and discernible literary merit.

Once a week, when the prisoners are given the privilege to write letters to their friends on the outside, Arnold filched some of the time to compose a few sentences or paragraphs of his book. At long intervals, having hidden his written pages about his cell or the yard, he smuggled it out through the aid of a friendly guard, a chapter at a time. In the same secret way he carried on all the correspondence with his publishers, a Wichita (Kans.) firm, who knew how to address the prisoner so that his letters would be smuggled in to him. Finally, the book was published. He gave it the name, "The Kansas Inferno."

A Pungent Line.

A volume reached Gov. Hoch. He read it with consuming interest and saved Arnold from any of the punishment that otherwise would have resulted from his bitter attack on prison methods. The book contained a line that particularly inflamed the officials and the little town of Lansing, which clusters about the prison, made up chiefly of prison guards and other employes of the Kansas penitentiary. Arnold called Lansing "a fly feeding upon a sore."

Shortly after the appearance of the book, which had caused Gov. Hoch to call Arnold a philosopher, the prisoner sent the governor his plea for liberty in verse. Here it is:

> MAN TO MAN.
>
> I cannot fawningly implore,
> As feeble, false hearts can;
> But, in humility before
> The power that bars my prison door,
> I plead as man to man.
>
> Oft folly more than vice appears
> In errors we have made;
> The ideal that the man reveres
> Is not the dream of early years—
> Youth's brief delusions fade.
>
> Tho' hearts, embittered, still retain
> A grudge for old mistakes,
> Excessive penalties are vain,
> The long monotony of pain
> No restitution makes.
>
> The ancient eye for eye decree
> God has himself destroyed.
> Still speaks that voice from Calvary;
> Shall Shylocks, with their ghoulish plea,
> Make His Commandments void
>
> Aye, "Blessed are the merciful!"
> O Christian heart relent!
> For sins of folly, faults of will,
> I kneel at Mercy's tribunal,
> A contrite penitent.
>
> Long have I been with sorrow. Long
> The agonizing years
> Have held no freight of love and song
> And laughter—only pain and wrong
> And penitence and tears.
>
> The coarser soul but lightly feels
> The daily dole of ill;
> But what distress each hour reveals
> For him who in his heart conceals
> Some aspirations still!
>
> For whom is love, for liberty
> To toil as freemen can—
> O Hand of Fate that bars to me
> The gates of opportunity—
> I plead as man to man.

Arnold says he isn't a poet.

"We all of us write a little on our slates now and then, I suppose," he said recently. "That is, all of us who can. I wrote the plea to Gov. Hoch with little hope that it would bring the result I achieved. There are parts of it that are not so bad, perhaps, but some lines I am ashamed of. Take the fifth stanza, that's the worst:

> Aye, "Blessed are the merciful!"
> O Christian heart relent!
> For sins of folly, faults of will,
> I kneel at Mercy's tribunal—
> A contrite penitent.

"'I kneel at Mercy's tribunal,'" he repeated, making a wry face. "Don't you see the bobble I made with tribunal? To make that line scan, you must pronounce it 'trib-u-nal,' with the heavy accent on the first syllable, instead of the second. When I wrote it, I supposed that was the way the word was pronounced.

"That's what comes of getting your education from books alone, and never being with cultured people. You see, I had never heard that word pronounced, though I had read it often and knew its meaning."

So when May comes, and the world around his prison is green and gay with the new life of the year sprung from the late death of winter, Arnold will walk out, a living, pulsing being of the world which had been locked about him in a living death. Until his verse had ripened to fruition it had been living death indeed—a chain to be broken only when the long, slow, sullen line of men in gray bore something that had been one of them to the lot on the farm where the convict dead sleep.

Carl Arnold will walk out to see whether the world will be as kind to his efforts as was a soft-hearted governor.

He Knew.

From the Buffalo Enquirer.

Willie—Father is the captain of our ship at home and mother's the first mate.

Sunday school teacher—What are you?

Willie—I guess I'm the compass—they're always boxing me.

GRIDIRON ROMANCE

Yale Football Hero, Worth $4,000,000, Wins the Most Beautiful Girl in Kentucky.

A romance that has been buffeted about as many times as the football in a gridiron battle has finally been decided in favor of Yale. Tom Shevlin, former captain of the New Haven eleven, has finally won the hand of the beautiful Miss Elizabeth Sherley, of Kentucky, after having first won her and then lost her. As one of the greatest football players of his day, Shevlin has engaged in many a hard-fought contest, but it is doubtful that in any game in which he ever took part the chances of war varied so much as the possibilities of the romance of his life, says the Springfield Union.

Shevlin fell in love with the most beautiful girl in Kentucky, as she watched him battling on the gridiron for the honor of old Yale. He made violent suit to her. She listened to his tale of love, and the engagement was announced. It was a most fitting union, for, in addition to being a marvelous athlete, Shevlin is a rich man, and on her side the prospective bride had all that could be asked in family and beauty. But suddenly the complexion of the situation changed, and the much heralded marriage was declared off. No authoritative reason was ever assigned, for Miss Sherley would not tell, and it would take a pretty doughty newspaper chronicler to risk the ire of the Yale giant by pressing him too hard for an answer. But the rumor that was most persistent charged that Shevlin resented the admiration his fiance won from every man in her own social set, though as a matter of fact he might have known that as long as Southern gallantry exists, the woman of beauty will never be denied her meed of admiration no matter how many times she may be engaged.

* * * *

This was three years ago. The Shevlin-Sherley romance was ended, apparently, and turned back into the class of love affairs that might have been. In that interval it might have been expected that Miss Sherley, with the family beauty, and Mr. Shevlin, with his powerful physique, handsome appearance, and $4,000,000, might have entered into the bonds of matrimony with someone else. But this didn't happen. In the sentiments of each, the dart of Cupid had sunk too deeply. They might not wed each other, but at least, neither wanted to be the first to prove recreant to the memory of the other. Then they met again. Maybe it was chance, for love plays some queer pranks, but more likely it was design on part of the ardent football player, who, after three years of exile from his inamorata, still found her image the dearest in the world. They met, and the game was finally won, that game that had been the most strenuously fought of Shevlin's career.

The news will be welcomed among the elms of old New Haven, for up there it is the custom to refer to Miss Sherley as Yale's mascot. During the period that she had her interest in the team, and while she was present to see her adorer battling on the field for her, as well as for the athletic glory of his alma mater, Yale couldn't lose. Such an event as happened this year, when Harvard, by a goal from field, downed Yale, would not have been possible in those days. While Shevlin played end rush at Yale, never once was the Crimson able to wave over the Blue, and only once did the Orange and Black go up in triumph, and that was in the memorable game of 1902, when, in the closing moments of play, De Witt kicked the field goal that gave Princeton its last triumph over the bulldogs.

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Shevlin had a most wonderful career at Yale. Not more than three or four of the many notable football players produced there have matched it. When first he appeared as a candidate for the team, he had the prestige of a great reputation made in the preparatory schools. But the coaches could not at first decide where to play him. He was big enough and strong enough to be a guard, for he weighed 190 pounds and was six feet tall. Guard he would have played or tackle, but for his extraordinary speed. Never was a big man so fast. "Make him an end," said the coaches. They did and such an end as was never seen before or since.

The deerfoot outer wing men of the other elevens, the famous sprinters, had nothing on him for speed. He could step with any of them, but in addition to that, his immense strength and the ferocity he put into every play, enabled him to accomplish about three times what is ordinarily expected of an end. He not only got down the field lightning fast on kicks, and pushed all the interference out of the way, but no matter how many men there might be to oppose him, he could get the man with the ball, too. And when on defense, there were no end runners who could get by him, no interference that was so good that he could be boxed off. For his four years at college, Shevlin was always voted unanimously by all the critics, to be one of the two All-American ends. Not many football players have had this experience from their freshman years to the finish of their athletic careers.

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Shevlin is the son of a Minneapolis broker. His family is well-known in the West, and as they exact out in that part of the world that a man must be able to do something on his merits, Shevlin already worth in his own right $4,000,000, decided that he would hardly need to worry about things material, so he decided to make an athletic reputation for himself. He had the physique and the courage to start with. Therefore he would go to Yale, the hardest college in the world for a football player to make good, since to it comes from all over the country the pick of the nation's gridiron material.

But Shevlin wanted to be the best or nothing. Two resolves were in his mind when he donned the moleskin. He would be captain of the Yale eleven, and he would lead his team to victory over Princeton and Harvard. Later he added to these two ambitions a third, of a far more tender nature, though the final of his three dreams did not come till he had already established his gridiron reputation so securely that it can never disappear from the annals. He would wed the beautiful Miss Sherley. Then with wealth, health, success on the football field, and this lovely daughter of the South for his bride he would have all that a man could ask.

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Miss Sherley comes of the Kentucky elect. She is dark, both eyes and hair, and the wealth of crowning glory tops a head and neck to merit the finest appreciation of the most inspired of poets. She carries herself with the proud aristocracy of one of those superb thoroughbreds of her own blue grass country, and in addition to the gifts that were native, she has the others of cultivation, for her mother took her to Paris, and there at the Convent of the Sacred Heart she gained the finishing touches. After that she went to a fashionable school in New York, and made her debut into the society of the Metropolis.

Shevlin, at Yale, conveniently near, found himself running down to Gotham once in a while to see a show, and have dinner with friends, and it was under these conditions that he met Miss Sherley. From that time she became the most ardent of all Yale rooters, and the flag of blue she waved in the big contests became not only to Shevlin, but to the whole eleven, the banner that carried them to deeds of might and to victory. Veterans of that eleven, as well as all good sons of Yale, welcome the termination of that romance, for it would have been a crime to let the blue mascot go to some one else.

REOPENS DIVORCE CASE.

MRS E. GIVERNAUD,

Utica woman has made an application to court in Newark, N. J., to reopen a divorce case which was settled thirty-three years ago, and which, she now claims, was defective. On the decision of the court rests a fortune of $250,000, which Mrs. Givernaud's husband, who died in France two years ago, willed to his relatives.

TERRIER ADOPTS THREE KITTENS.

Princess, the five-year-old bull terrier belonging to Joseph Miller, of New York, upon the loss of her puppies, mothered kittens.

REBUILDING OLD FORT.

MRS. STEPHEN H. PELL,

Wealthy woman who is restoring fort made famous by Ethan Allen and his Green Mountain Boys. It is believed that there is much buried treasure at Fort Ticonderoga.